

Instant December, 1688.

In a Letter to a Friend.

My Good Friend.

Here we have been in the midst of these late hurries, the King's Armies Marching backward and forward by us; then the Princes, and now many Marching back again to Winter Quarters; 'tis in vain to write of matters backward, now things are carryed so forward; only I observe no Printed Paper hath given a Tollerable Account of the Memorable Engagement lately at *Reading*; all I have seen are False and Foolish, I suppose none Printed True, or of any worth: Take this as the most Exact, my self being near the Spot, and knowing the whole from Eye Witnesses; The Kings Army, the Rere Guard, having left *Reading* upon the Approach of the *Princes* Van-Guard, about Seven Troops of Horse and Dragoons of *Scotch* and *Irish*, came back again on *Saturday* the Eighth Instant, and there kept strict Guard; the Town being in great fear of Plunder, Fire, &c. But a certain Gentleman sent Three Messengers to *Newberry*, to the Princes Army, to come away and Save the Town; at first they were taken for Spies, but bringing proof they were good Men, Orders were given for Two Troops to March at Two of the Clock in the Morning; they came on very slowly all the way, that they might be the more Serviceable in Action: The Kings Soldiers had set a Sentinel on the Church-Tower, who by firing a Gun, gave notice of their approach (but they came not the great Road, and so were not seen till very near) so Trumpets sounded, Drums beat, and they stood ready; but then immediately the Dutch came in, Riding Furiously through several Streets, holding their Bridle-Reins on their Little Fingers, their Pistols on both Hands lying close flat down on their Horses, Crying, *Hollow, Boys, Hollow*; (at which there was a great Shout in the Town. and, *Avay Women, avay Women*; so they charged the King's Souldiers as they found them; Twelve Charged about Two Hundred in the Market-Place; Six leapt their Horses into *St. Mary's* Church-Yard over the Stone Steps, and drove out the Dragoon Musqueteers that lined the Church-Yard-Vall, and others in the Church-Yard; the People being at Church all this while: Thus they Charged every where so Furiously, that the Kings Soldiers Ran, and they pursued, Killing some, Taking others; they Killed about Eighteen, Wounded several, took about Sixty Horses; they Pursued them ev'n to *Twisford* Parish, where lay a Regiment or more: One *Dutch* Cornet was Kill'd (his Horse being Shot under him, then several Firing upon him) and one Common Trooper: All the ways were spread with Boots, Hats, Coats, Swords, &c. of the Kings Soldiers that fled; some came about Twelve of the Clock to our Town without Shoes, &c. On the Twelfth Instant I saw the Cornet's Funeral after the Martial Manner: Three Colours were taken, one of *Irish* Dragoons, and two of *Scotch* Horse; the Town looks on it as a VVonderful Deliverance; for they shew'd themselves Impatient for the coming of the Princes Army, and some of the Wounded Soldiers of the King's Army have declared, that as soon as Church was ended, they were to have Killed the People, Plundered for themselves, and to have set fire on the Houses; But *Est Deus in Caelis qui Providus omnia Curat.*

Yours, T. I.